

# NEW YORK MIRROR

A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

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## Newspaper Circulation.

We are considerably concerned at the various attempts made by our daily contemporaries to jump the chasm of time when they have not enjoyed the length of days which would have enabled them to be witnesses of the beginning of topics on which they discourse and dilate. A marked example of such a hiatus is just now furnished in a discussion as to the declining and increase of circulation as relates to two or three of the popular dailies.

The disquisition of a reputable evening journal is cited by one of the morning chroniclers to make manifest that a serious falling off has occurred in the editions of another of the "mornings." The basis of the discussion is that while at the high-water mark Sol was willing enough that everybody should look at him at his zenith and noonday lustre; but as the low tide showed itself the smoked glass intervened, and nobody was able to know how much the luminary was shining.

The object of such disclosures and comments is obviously to ride over the course with a full team when circumstances justify it, and to crush under the wheels of the triumphal chariot any poor wayfarer who gets in the way. This, instead of being a novelty in newspaper enterprise, as the imperfectly informed commentators appear to suppose, is but a repetition of strategy put in use some twenty or thirty years ago.

At that time the *Tribune*, being all-powerful and having the largest daily and weekly circulation in the United States, could safely and profitably plant itself on the housetop and make known its numbers to all the world. Such was its feeling of unapproachable supremacy that Mr. Greeley, so it was currently reported, was prompted to seek at the hands of the Legislature of the State an enactment compelling every newspaper published within the borders of the State to make a conspicuous statement of its current circulation at the head of its editorial columns and keep it there.

The effect was not altogether, as it appeared on the face, in the interest of honest trade and innocent advertisers, to secure for them a "fair show," but really to crush out all the small, subordinate and struggling newspapers and leave the field clear for the great Fee-Fo-Fum of the journalistic world.

This all seemed very plausible when engineered as a question of commercial honesty, but, if we consider aright, that was not the way to attain the result.

It is not merely the numerical issue that determines the value of a newspaper; it may have a large circulation and no influence or a comparatively small circulation and great influence. It is character that tells; the intellectual force that is put forth and brought patiently and promptly to bear upon the questions before it. We would therefore respectfully recommend to our worthy coadjutors of the daily denomination to give attention more to character and decorum and less to the mere number of copies issued. It is what the circulation is based on and to what sort of constituency it appeals that distinguishes the good newspaper from the Newgate Calendar and the dime novel.

The one is an active eruption of printed sheets, blackened as they are poured forth from the daily volcano, leaving, in many cases, nothing more than the debris of dead newspapers, "not returnable." Whereas a journal vital with character and concurrent with sound judgment and truthful purpose, is taken home to the reader's confidence and becomes a cherished friend and counsellor. That is circulation.

## Midsummer Activity.

Here in midsummer THE MIRROR out-of-town staff finds enough to write about to furnish over thirteen columns of matter of theatrical interest. Apart from news there is a great deal of gossip that crops up during the hot weather lull. But it is all readable, and is of great value to the mill. The correspondence columns of THE MIRROR are an especial feature. They furnish very little with the coming of Summer. There are so many bright writers among the contributors thereto that they never lack for entertaining gossip when news is scarce; and it is a dull week indeed when THE MIRROR is not as full of news as an egg is full of meat. Pick out any of the three of the publications that seem to be dramatic, and altogether they will prove not to contain as much reading matter of interest to the profession as is to be found in this single issue of THE MIRROR. While some of those publications have wilted and shrivelled in size, THE MIRROR finds that it has more than enough space to present to its readers

a thorough reflex of all that is going on in the world of the stage.

However, the present Summer has been thus far characterized by unusual activity in the amusement field. The regular season has been prolonged, and supplemental and Summer seasons have been numerous. A month hence the coming season will have fairly opened, and then THE MIRROR columns will be put to such pressure in chronicling events as to make an enlargement of the paper a matter of serious consideration.

## Howard Paul's Breezy Budget.

Howard Paul, who seems to look upon the Atlantic Ocean as a ferry crossing backward and forward as most men do to Jersey City or Brooklyn, arrived by the *Germanic* the other day, looking in excellent health and exhibiting his usual buoyant spirits.

A reporter of THE MIRROR called on him at

one of them to ask Dixey how he could have possibly foreseen the row to the extent of preparing pistols and arming his actors. The subject then languished and other topics were brought upon the tapis. The manager of the Gaiety, Mr. Hollingshead, before Adonis was produced requested Dixey to edit it and weed it of localisms, but the comedian was firm in his determination of playing it as he had done in this city. 'If it's good enough for New York it's good enough for London,' said he. An argument that will not for a moment hold water.

"I suppose Wilson Barrett is preparing for his American campaign?"

"Yes; the costumers and decorators are at work, and Claudian, in which I believe Mr. Barrett is to open, will be sumptuously staged. It is a powerful, picturesque effort of histrionic art, not coldly classic, but sufficiently idealized to remove it from the more human everyday

Brough is a robust humorist of large experience, full of resources, with an exhaustive knowledge of stagecraft, and Arthur Roberts will remind you of Nat Goodwin, not only in appearance but in style and method. I fancy his natty figure, quaint manner and sympathetic drollery will soon make him a prime favorite in this country. He is as quick as powder in adapting himself to the humor of an audience, and he never spares himself but works with a will—and where there's a will there's a way—to capture the suffrages of the public."

"Whose speculation is it?"

"It is said in London that Lord Lonsdale finances the troupe. He is a warm admirer of La Violet, and, like most of the aristocrats of to-day, extracts most of his enjoyment from the playhouse. It is surely a wiser way of spending his superfluous ducats than squandering it on the turf, as many idle swells do."

"Did you have a good passage over?"

Broadway recently. Mr. Wallack was highly indignant.

"I don't object to such stories as these for any harm they may do professionally," he said, "but for the anxiety and alarm they cause to my father's friends and our relations without the slightest cause whatever, and I don't see why papers can't leave the truth of certain matters before they publish them. Now, then, let us see what slight grounds there are for these stories. The yacht is not yet in commission, and has been lying all Summer at Manning's Basin, Brooklyn. That settles the yacht story. As for my father being ill, why, he was never in better health in his life, except for a slight lameness, and he was down in the city all day yesterday."

## Mrs. Langtry's Sumptuousity.

What with the lately assumed duties of a Benedict, the improvements that are being carried on at Niblo's Garden and the preparations for the tour of Mrs. Langtry, B. G. C. more is a very busy man just now. A small army is at work beautifying the interior of Niblo's, and new carpets are being laid throughout. Gaspar Mander, who is the artist of the establishment, is at work preparing some handsome scenery to take the place of that which has grown gray in the service of the place.

The route for Mrs. Langtry is being completed. It embraces only the larger cities. The Lily is expected to arrive about September by the *Alaska*. The officers are making extensive preparations aboard the vessel for her reception. The beauty is very exacting and exacting regarding her accommodations. She pays liberally to have her room specially fitted out in the most sumptuous fashion. The same spirit animates her requirements for luxurious surroundings while travelling in this country.

A firm of Massachusetts car-builders are constructing a very elaborate and beautiful one for her exclusive use while in transit. It will be christened *The Langtry*, and would carry conceivable appliances to meet the wants and provide for the comfort of its occupant. Stables keepers throughout the country will not be overjoyed to learn that Mrs. Langtry is living in this car altogether during this trip, and that they will not be permitted to stand for her pleasure or present her with any little bills for their hospitalities. A day will be among the features of the Lily's magnificent residence on wheels.

The scenery for all the places in her repertoire is to be new. It will be carried in some vans that are being built for that purpose. Mrs. Langtry's season is to open at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on Monday, Oct. 2, probably with *Enemies*, a play in which she has recently met with favor in London. The author, Charles Coghlan, who is to be her leading man, will appear in the principal part.

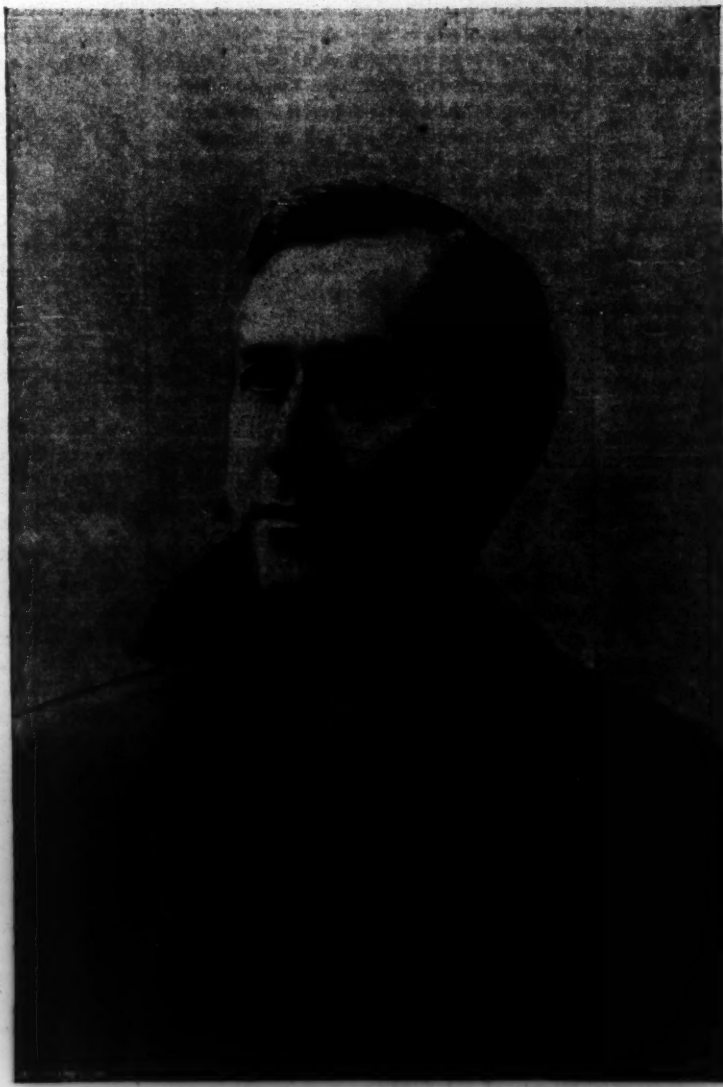
## Mr. Maginley on Sunday Performances.

"Before I went into partnership with Gustave Frohman and bought *May Blossom*," said Ben Maginley, who stars in the play, to a *Mirror* reporter, "I had an explicit understanding that there were to be no Sunday performances. I have not taken this stand through any religious scruples. One day of rest for myself and my company out of the seven—that is what I am determined upon having. Now are my salaries any the less for this. Of course, we are shut out from some of the large cities of the West. Mr. Frohman has been offered big salaries in St. Louis, Chicago and at other points where the Sunday night receipts have been in past seasons almost as large as the receipts of all the other nights combined. The temptation to accept these offers is very strong for actors and managers must to a certain extent be identified with the general wealth of the golden calf. But Mr. Frohman and myself have made up our minds to have the Sunday night receipts rather than overwork our people. I am the first actor to set his face against Sunday performances, and I am not among the wealthy ones, either."

"I am doing my heaviest work just now," continued Mr. Maginley. "I am up every morning at six o'clock and take the eight o'clock train from Westchester. We rehearse from ten till two, and often later. The company promises to do excellent work. I believe *May Blossom* will be better played than when we had more pretentious people in the cast. Much of the play has been rewritten, and my part, Uncle Bartlett, made stronger. Miss Hamilton, who will play *May*, is a society lady. Our printing will be second to none on the road, quantity being sacrificed to quality. The scenery will be entirely new and a splendid feature. We open at Albany on August 2."

## Mr. Wallack's Health.

Recent reports regarding an accident to Lester Wallack's steam-yacht *Skyhawk*, and the statements as to the veteran actor's health, were based on not the slightest foundation of truth, according to Arthur Wallack, who was seen by a *MIRROR* reporter on



J. M. HILL.

the Gedney House to hear the latest gossip from London. It was an easy matter to pull out Howard's talking stop, and among other things he said:

"The accounts of the row at Dixey's premiere were exaggerated in the journals—colored no doubt for effect. I have seen precisely similar disturbances at the representation of English pieces by English performers. One incident amused me which I have never seen in print. After Adonis was over Dixey strolled into the Savage Club and was quickly surrounded by a sympathetic group, and the incidents of the disturbance were naturally discussed. Dixey said the actors who supported him were so wildly furious at the interruption and din that it was with difficulty he could restrain them from making their way over the stage and shooting at the audience. At this amazing statement a smile traversed the faces of the listeners, and it occurred to

assumptions that suit the tragedian so well."

"Have you hopes that Mr. Barrett will be popular here?"

"Decidedly, for I have noted that the Americans who visit the Princess in London are enthusiastic in their admiration of the force and finish of the actor. I am reminded of a saying of Emerson in speaking of the fulness of Carlyle's sentences—'Cut them and they bleed.' Barrett's acting is characterized by sincerity and a strong hearty nature palpates and breathes through his work. He is in earnest and his magnetism gets over the footlights."

"About the Violet Cameron company?"

"An admirable organization. Violet is a showy damsel with a well trained voice, captivating physique, and an agreeable, easy manner. The dukes of Piccadilly protest she is the most 'feting' bouffante on the English stage. Her two comedians, Lionel Brough and Arthur Roberts, are right merry fellows."



## At the Theatres.

Jack Sheppard's life from the cradle to the grave was illustrated by an old-fashioned cast in old-fashioned style at the Windsor Theatre on Monday night. The house was top heavy—crowded aloft and fairly filled below. The drama was neatly mounted and the audience appeared to enjoy the representation, more, perhaps, for its antique oddity than any other reason. N. S. Wood acted Jack Sheppard quite intelligently. The Jonathan Wild of Joseph P. Winter and the Blueskin of Maurice Pike were adequate expositions of 'Ounslow' Eath villainy and humor. Mrs. W. G. Jones, an old Bowery favorite, received a boisterous welcome. She acted the lugubrious Mrs. Sheppard. Other parts were entrusted to Millie Sackett, Joseph Mason, Neil Gray, Marie La Gross and Lizzie Goode. Jack Sheppard will bring the Windsor season to a close on Saturday night. The next campaign begins on the 16th of August.

Humbag is still drawing very fair audiences to the Bijou and Mr. Reed's performance of Jack Luster grows in popularity. Mr. Marsden's comedy is capably acted and mounted, and it is certainly a light and reasonable attraction.

Richard Mansfield is to continue acting in Prince Karl until the middle of August, when he will be succeeded by Mr. Gillette's new drama, *Held by the Enemy*. Prince Karl's business, according to the management, is surprisingly good. Not a week has passed since the beginning of the run without clearing a handsome profit for this unpropitious season of the year.

## The Musical Mirror.

Ernie at the Casino is approaching its rooth representation. The event will be commemorated in an appropriate manner. Mr. Aronson is arranging to have the auditorium embowered in choice plants and flowers, and a design has been approved for a unique souvenir. Ernie is still running to good business. We notice that Francis Wilson has modified the inartistic cockneyism of *Cadeaux*, and the personation for that reason is more enjoyable than ever. Harry Paulton, author of the libretto, played the part originally in London, and it was he, strange to say, who originated the idea of making the escaped French convict talk with the accent and introduce the slang of a modern London thief. Mr. Aronson wished young Paulton, who rehearsed the Casino production, to reproduce the English business as closely as possible, and for that reason Mr. Wilson was forced to adopt the ridiculous expedient that has caused so much wonderment and unjustly saddled him with the responsibility of a gross incongruity. We are pleased that he is throwing off the absurdity imposed by the stage manager from across the water.

Ision continues on its career of prosperity at Koster and Bial's. The burlesque is very cleverly done, and the constantly shifting array of specialties which supplement it go to make this favorite resort a welcome Summer-night's haunt.

The once famous string quartette, the Mueller Brothers, will be heard no more. One member, Hugo Mueller, the second violin of the quartette, has died at Brunswick, Germany, where he held the position as duet Chamber Virtuoso in the court orchestra. Hugo was born in 1832 and was the third in years of the quartette brothers. The youngest of the quartette is the well-known musician, Wilhelm Mueller, who at present is a prominent member of the Thomas Orchestra.

Early next season a new pianiste, connected with a well-known family of this city, will make her debut at Steinway Hall. A contributor to one of our German papers writes as follows concerning her: "Miss Clara Bracker is the eldest daughter of a prominent physician. Four years ago she entered the Royal Conservatory at Stuttgart and became a pupil of Professors Lebert (now dead), Pruckner and Landee, and no wonder that, by means of her general education she soon became a favorite among her teachers. According to the strict rule of the Conservatory, she was naturally obliged to study six, eight and sometimes more hours daily. The result is plainly seen. Miss Bracker has mastered her instrument thoroughly; her execution is clear and brilliant, and she proved to be a perfect young artist in a number of solo pieces which I heard her play."

Mr. Neuendorff's first "composer's night," when Wagner's works were drawn from, proved a pronounced success, and the scheme will be made a feature throughout the Summer at the Central Park Garden. This (Thursday) evening selections from the compositions of Sir Arthur Sullivan will constitute the bulk of the programme.

The Harrison-Gourlay Separation. Louis Harrison and John Gourlay have dissolved partnership. In conversation the other day Mr. Harrison stated that he did not care to travel longer.

"I don't care for any more of it," he said; "I want to locate, but I don't care to do that unless I have a good opportunity. Mr. Gourlay and I have separated amicably, and on friendly terms, he having deter-

mined to go to Australia and play the pieces in which we have had such success—*Skipped by the Light of the Moon* and *Out of the Frying Pan*. I will still retain an interest in them, and I have, besides, just signed with George C. Brotherton to take the leading part in Sydney Rosenfeld's new opera, *The Mystic Isle*, to be produced at the New Temple Theatre, Philadelphia, in the Fall."

## Back From the Restigouche.

William J. Florence arrived in the city at midnight last Friday, after his six weeks' salmon fishing trip at Camp Beatrice, near Matapedia, on the Restigouche River. When a MIRROR reporter saw him at his apartments in the Fifth Avenue Hotel the other morning, he was well bronzed, and declared that he had increased ten pounds by his trip.

"I've had a splendid time," he said, "I've been five weeks on the river, and I killed twenty-seven fish this year against only ten last year and forty-four year before. Average weight of fish this season very good, being 24 3/4 pounds. Largest salmon killed was at Cascapedia, by R. G. Dun. It weighed fifty-one pounds. The largest one I killed weighed 34 1/2 pounds. For a wonder we had a seal in the Restigouche River. There was no chance for fishing that day as it frightened the salmon away. It was in a pool in front of my camp that it made its appearance. This is the second instance of a seal being seen so high up in the river for the last fifty years."

"Now I'll tell you something about the preparations for my season, which opens at Toronto on August 30. I have any amount of material—in fact, an embarrassment of riches. Besides *The Mighty Dollar* and *The Governor*, which I shall continue to play, as there is a great demand for them still, I have a play by George Fawcett Rowe and B. B. Valentine, which has not yet been named, although I think we shall call it *The Rainbow*. My character is that of a man who goes into any number of professions. The plot deals with a widow whose husband leaves a will in which he states his desire to be cremated. I am the undertaker, and I marry the widow, coming into possession of all her money. It is discovered that the wrong man has been cremated, and as there is a provision in the will which leaves the widow penniless in case the dead man is not cremated, I become poor once more. The play is very humorous throughout."

"Another play, which I shall probably produce during the week in Toronto, is called *The Flirt*, and is by Louis Melbourne and William Gill. It is a four-act comedy, and contains good parts for both myself and Mrs. Florence. I am a middle-aged flirt, while Mrs. Florence takes the part of a wealthy widow who is considerable of an Anglo-maniac. The story of the play deals with a letter which I have written to a married lady, and which by mistake is put into an envelope directed to her husband. All of the complications arise out of my efforts to get the letter back before the husband sees it, while, as a matter of fact, it never leaves my pocket. This play gives me an opportunity to sing a song. The song is called 'Don't Go too Far From the Shore'."

"Besides these two new plays, I have just had read to me a part of a four-act drama by Henry Holland, in which I would be called upon to play the serious character of a Catholic priest. I like the play very much, and would like to do it; but there is one serious drawback—there is no part for Mrs. Florence. I also have the synopsis of a play by the English author, Frank A. Marshall, who wrote *False Shame*, which was handed me by Howard Paul. It is called *Catching an Emir*."

"For next season I have engaged W. T. Elliott as my business manager and P. B. Rhodes as my advance agent, while the company will be pretty near the same as last year, including Earl Stirling, who acts as stage manager; George Sheppard, F. C. Wells, Charles Parker, Ivan Peronet, J. C. Dunn, Howard Coveney, Hattie Russell, Florence Noble and Miss Clairon. From Canada I travel West as far as California, playing for the first time through Oregon, Vancouver's Island and all through that country. I do not get back to the city until next March."

## The Drowning of Miss Montrose.

Frank H. Doane, whose heroic conduct in the late boating accident on the Detroit River on July 11 saved two lives, called at THE MIRROR office on Tuesday to give his account of the sad affair, which differs somewhat from those which have gone before.

"We were returning from a two hours' sail," said Mr. Doane. "The boat was an ordinary yawl rigged with sail. We were not more than thirty feet from the shore. In the boat were Maggie Briggs (stage name Montrose), Blanche Van Ohlen, Andrew Buchanan, Joseph Dixon and myself. I was the only one who could swim. The swinging of the boom frightened the ladies, and they jumped to one side of the boat in fear of being struck. The boat careened, took in water and went under. There was no time to think and little in which to act. From boyhood I had been used to the water and was somewhat of an athlete in the swim. I held the young women, one in each arm, and trod water, when Mr. Dixon caught me by the leg. The struggle now became too much for me, and my hold upon Miss Montrose weakened, especially as she had lost control of herself and become frantic. She sank at once. Dixon was saved by clinging to me. He and Buchanan were taken up by tardy res-

cues from the shore. The latter held to the keel of the boat. I swam with Miss Van Ohlen to a boat moored at the shore. Three men watched us from the shore during our struggles, but none made a move toward helping us. Had they cast loose the boat and rowed toward us there would have been no loss of life."

"The parents of Miss Briggs were notified of her death, but they were too poor to have the body sent home for burial. On the following Wednesday the remains were interred in a Detroit cemetery, at the expense of the company, all of whom were present at the ceremonies. The deceased was a handsome girl of nineteen and a general favorite in the company. Her death made our closing week in Detroit rather gloomy, and all felt a relief when it came to an end."

## A Good Showing.

Mrs. Belmont, Mrs. Thurber, Andrew Carnegie and the other directors of the American Opera company, have issued a pamphlet reviewing the first season of the institution. It is a sensible and encouraging statement, which must gratify the friends of native musical art. The review runs as follows:

"The season has been a greater success, both artistically and financially, than its promoters had expected or hoped. The object of the undertaking was to promote musical culture in the United States by showing what could be done with the resources already at our command, and thus indicate the possibilities for the future."

"It has been a source of wonder why a nation which occupies the foremost place in educational progress should be without a national opera and a musical university. One great reason for this is that there has not heretofore been any well-considered attempt to stimulate the ambition of American artists by providing a home market for their talent; and hence, in the absence of a demand, adequate educational facilities have not been provided."

"No one city can accomplish this upon a national scale; but by the co-operation of the principal cities, both a national opera and a national conservatory of music, of the first-class, can be established, with comparatively small expense to each."

"We have successfully begun this work by incorporating at New York a limited liability company in the board of direction of which all co-ordinate organizations will be represented, the New York Legislature having passed at its recent session a special act to permit a sufficient number of directors for this purpose. Such organizations, with local boards of directors, have already been formed in the following cities:

Boston	\$100,000
Philadelphia	\$100,000
Washington	\$100,000
St. Louis	\$100,000
Chicago	\$100,000
Louisville	\$100,000
Cleveland	\$100,000

"O her similar local organizations are in process of formation, and it is now evident that the entire time of the company will be occupied in cities thus co-operating."

"Of the money thus raised three-quarters will be invested in the stock of the central company and one-quarter retained for a local guarantee fund or other local uses. In this way sufficient capital can be raised to command the best talent and accessories, not only for the opera, but for the educational part of the programme, which is of the utmost importance."

"The first, or vocal, part of the National Conservatory has already been established in New York, under the direction of a small but select staff of professors, headed by Mme. Fur ch-Madi and Professor Jacques Bouhy. During the past season sixty pupils, selected by competitive examination from a much larger number, and representing many different States, have received free instruction, but with the stipulation that after graduation they are to contribute one-quarter of their earnings over \$1,000 per annum, for a period of five years, to carry on the educational work of the Conservatory."

"It is designed to have the direction of the educational branch, as well as the opera, thoroughly national in character, and among the incorporators of the Conservatory outside of New York are: Messrs. H. L. Higginson, of Boston; Frank Thompson, Philadelphia; T. Harrison Garrett, Baltimore; A. Howard Hinkle, Cincinnati; N. K. Fairbank, Chicago; Leopold Methady, St. Louis; Timothy Hopkins, San Francisco."

"Thus while the American Opera company and the National Conservatory of Music maintain separate organizations, the Conservatory enables the Opera to rely permanently upon a supply of fresh and well-trained voices, and the Opera enables the Conservatory to depend upon a permanent outlet for the talent it develops."

"This comprehensive and well considered plan appeals not only to native-born Americans, but also to our adopted fellow-citizens who have made our land their home—indeed, the passing of a single generation makes Americans of us all, and it is for the future, as well as the present, that we are now building."

"How faithfully we have worked and how well we have thus far succeeded, is perhaps best indicated by the criticisms of the press, which, summarized, may be said to be that the enterprise has been pervaded by that intelligent, artistic feeling without which no musical venture can permanently succeed; that the

orchestra, chorus, ballet, and scenery are superior to anything heretofore presented in this country; that the principal artists have not only been creditable, but have agreeably surprised the public, and that we have demonstrated that it is possible to give performances of Grand Opera of the highest class with American artists in the roles usually occupied by foreign singers."

"A few unkind critics who either could not comprehend the full scope and purpose as well as the difficulties of our work, or who had personal interests and prejudices to serve, have sought to decry it by alleging that it was opera sung in English by foreigners. A glance at the biography of our principal singers will show that nine-tenths of them are of American birth. At the same time we announced in our prospectus that until our educational work had progressed sufficiently to furnish an adequate supply and variety of native talent, it must be 'in the power of the impresario to gather all the elements from whatever quarter that may conduce to the success of the enterprise he directs.' The national operas of all countries habitually employ artists of other nationalities, giving preference, however, to their own."

"In our own case, whatever measure of success we have attained is largely due to the genius, energy and patriotic feeling of a citizen of foreign birth—Theodore Thomas—a name now inseparably connected with the musical history of our country, and honored through out the world for his conscientious and long continued efforts to maintain a high standard and advance the interests of musical art."

"The programme for the coming season is not yet complete, but the company will be strengthened by the addition of some new and desirable artists, and it is contemplated to produce, besides some of the favorite works given during the last season, at least five additional operas, with scenery and costumes made in our own workshops, and with the same artistic attention to detail and general excellence which has thus far characterized the management."

## The Booking for Michigan.

"Early in August I shall pack my gripsack and start for Detroit," said Manager C. O. White in the course of an interview with a MIRROR reporter.

"Why do you desert the field thus early?" "Because the skeleton of the Michigan circuit is no longer visible—it is so well clothed with bookings. Unless all signs fail, Michigan will have a splendid theatrical season. Detroit will be the radiating point. I have secured the cream of the attractions. There is little more to be done in the way of bookings. When that little is done I shall hasten to Detroit to prepare for the opening of my new Grand Opera House. From present appearances the finishing touches will be put upon it about two weeks before the opening, which takes place on Sept. 13, with McCaull's Opera company as the attraction. I have been very busy during my sojourn in New York, but have managed to find here and there an oasis of pleasure."

## Viola Allen to Star.

George W. June has completed arrangements with W. C. Cowper by which he will star Viola Allen as Florell in the latter's four-act comedy-drama, *Talked About*.

"Miss Allen has fully earned her position as a leading American actress," said Mr. June the other day to a MIRROR reporter, in speaking of his new venture. "She has been leading lady for John McCullough and Signor Salvini, and her standing is assured. She will be supported by Leslie Allen and a company that is to be first-class in every particular, people being engaged for their reputation and standing in the profession as talented artists. All of the printing used will be new and original and several very novel ideas will be used in the advertising department. The season will open in September in New England."

## Categorical.

An experienced contributor of long acquaintance with the New York theatres desires to be indulged in a few interrogatories which he holds to be pertinent at this time. He opens the subject directly as follows:

Mr. Manager, permit me to ask you a question or two, premising that I am most anxious for your success in what I may call legitimate theatricals.

You have produced here a good many plays successfully; and mainly on the mere name of the author, accepted and paid large sums, telegraphed and cabled, and gone long journeys to secure first possession.

Such purchases, under the greatest managerial forcing, have not always gone well; in fact, if they had been of cis Atlantic origin they would, in many cases, have been pronounced failures.

Now, here at home, and without stirring from your office chair, you could reach out your hand and have MSS. sent in from American dramatists of character and experience and the authors of plays which had been accepted as in the foremost ranks of dramatic production.

Now, to speak to the point, was there not more than one of these plays which, honestly regarded, met all the requirements of your theatre? And yet you rejected them without ceremony.

Certificated trash from abroad thrust aside intrinsic merit at your door. Why? Because the atmosphere, by a long course of neglected

ventilation, had become voided of all its energy and you are in a state of apoplexy as regards the ability to read and understand a home-made play. You had used so much soda in your baking that a false taste had been created in your customers which made the home product offensive to their palates.

This evil process must cure itself. Either the mal-dieting manager must succumb or some bread-making must take the place of the unleavened article which has heretofore so abounded in this market.

An American dramatist, confident by experience and culture that there is something in his work as compared with the imported trash so persistently forced upon the public, looks on abashed as he sees audiences gorged with husks while the vitalizing maize is cast aside.

Who of managers has contributed to the theatrical repertoire dramas upon which he can lay his hand and say, "Here is a play which will last, which has in it a vital delineation of human nature, symmetrized by the greatest skill, and a sound production judged by the highest standards."

Have managers no self-asserting power which claims respect for their vocation and declines to be a party to the degradation of the stage?

There should be no nobler guild of men in the country than the managers of our theatres. They hold in their hand the approving and vetoing power of a chief magistrate who rules a vast domain of amusements and can give as withhold from the people their nightly enjoyment in good form or bad.

That they should cast their votes for the best and incline more and more to the management of domestic and national interests cannot be doubted.

## Stage Types.

NO. XIV.—THE ADVANCE AGENT.

A great man—far greater than his employers! For a pure, unadulterated sample of egotism commend us to a "Representative Ahead." The star is often a mild, modest man, who minds his business and does not blow too much about his own deeds or qualities, but His Agent—Great Scott!—he owes the star, the company and everything else. To hear him talk when he gets his elbow on the bar and a tumbler of something with a spoon in it, brandished in his claw, you would imagine that he was the most wonderful man on earth. His energy and enterprise, or, as he calls it himself, "vim," has made the fortune of every successful star on the road. He can put out more window work and wall work and doggers, and all other devices for getting money out of his manager's pocket, than any other fellow on the road. He can drink more, smoke more, talk more, run up more bills, to be paid by the star, and persuade all editors, newspaper critics, hotel clerks, railroad superintendents and all other sorts and conditions of men who may be made useful, that he is the most "gentlemanly, whole-souled, genial fellow that e'er cracked a bottle or fathomed a bowl." In the journals of the various towns you will always see it announced in large type that "Mr. Mercurius H. Precursor, the gentlemanly manager of the Bangup company, is in town. This talented and energetic gentleman is busy in making arrangements to present to our citizens an entertainment in which refinement and emotion are happily blended, and at which the check of modesty need never blush. Mr. Precursor's well-known tact in catering for the public is of itself a guarantee of the excellence of anything he may put before the public"—and a whole string of like eulogy of himself, not of the company or star, or manager who pays his salary and allowance. In a newspaper office Precursor is glorious. His stream of talk is perennial; there is no ebb in his ocean of loquacity. He patronizes the critic, toadies to the editor and snubs the reporter with equal ease and affability, keeping always a good look out for Mercurius H. Precursor. He lives at the best hotels, smokes the best cigars, drinks the driest Pommery, and mashes the prettiest waiter girls. He is the "cynosure of neighboring eyes," and he feathers his nest in a manner satisfactory to himself, if not to his employer.

Of course there is a type of advance agent which differs from that we are describing. There are agents who think only of their principal's interest and not of their own gratification. But these men are on the low salary list. They have not the knack "de se faire valoir," as the Frenchman says. They do not impress the actors or speculators who employ them with the idea that without their invaluable aid the show must burst up. They are not ornamental, only useful, and are valued accordingly—at a low figure. They wear tweed suits and smoke briar root pipes. They drink lager and live at second-class hotels. They do their business thoroughly and honestly, but don't put themselves in the foreground and their principals in the back, and therefore they are left where they put themselves—out in the cold. In all stations of life the pretentious fellow forces himself into the most desirable position, and in none more than in that of an advance agent. Only be bumptious enough and you will persuade people that they cannot do without you. "On their own merits modest men are dumb," and dumb men don't get on, as a rule. Talk, and plenty of it; check, cold check, indomitable self-conceit, and a careful study of figures, beginning and ending with the cardinal number 1, will make you the acle of the stage.



## The Giddy Gusher.



I've been thinking lately, as I took a run to one or two fashionable hotels where an idiotic lot of mothers are dressing their poor little kids like burlesque prima donnas, what a number of girls there are growing up to join the crowded ranks of miserable women who are already up and suffering.

In dressing little girls in satin and laces, in hanging diamonds in their little ears, a foolish mother is committing the greatest mistake of her life. She is robbing her child of the pleasures of appreciation, and when the time comes for her, as a woman, to wear jewels they will be old stories to her ears, that will be tired and dragged down wearing diamonds since she was five years of age.

I, as a matter of statistics, the other day changed seats in a train of cars at every station, and caught on to the conversation of as many as forty couples. With one exception, they were all taking dress, and that exception was dressmaker.

Theologians have made an irremediable error in their descriptions of the life hereafter. There isn't a woman in all my blessed acquaintance who thinks well of the costume accorded by all creeds to the angels. Book muslin of unbecoming cut hasn't a friend on earth; and it's discouraging to wander round among the Old Masters and find them so unanimous in depicting the habits of the next world clad in this uniform.

The Dutch artist who painted John the Baptist in a blue coat and brass buttons was a boon to humanity. He opened up a hope that tailors and dressmakers may exist and follow their callings even in a land where there is "no marrying or giving in marriage."

For my part, I think the cause of religion would be wonderfully aided if Maria's vision of Heaven were accepted at once as not only possible but probable. Maria dreamed that she died; that she arrived at Heaven's gate and found it was very much like the entrance to Wallack's Theatre; that St. Peter wore a Fall overcoat and was one of the suavest gentlemen she ever met; that she presented her credentials and was given a pair of wings with which she flew to a lovely hotel. Here she found the apartments were allotted according to earthly merit. Maria, having been a good woman here below, was given a suite of the most desirable. All her dead relations were in fine circumstances; they called on her dressed in the most beautiful style; their jewelry was beyond description, and she found one of the delights of Heaven was shopping. To enhance this pleasure the shops of the New Jerusalem were bewilderingly magnificent. Maria found herself, for the first time, possessed of unlimited cash, and she could buy everything she wanted.

She went to a matinee the first day she got there—a minstrel show at which Dan Bryant, Hy Rumsey, Sher Campbell, Billy Manning, George Christy, Eph Horn and Nelson Seymour all appeared. She found Burton and Brougham were running a Celestial Lyceum; that Wheatleigh and Forrest had just produced a wonderful tragedy; that McCullough was starring in the planet Jupiter, and that Eliza Logan, who conducted a magnificent classic temple, had just given George Wood an engagement as back-door keeper.

Now, Maria is not over twenty-five, and these old timers were never personally known to her. So when she rattled off the names of the loved and lost of other days, it struck me as being a wonderful proof of the reliability of her dream.

I think I never heard such an enthusiastic description as she gave of the emporiums where she bought her materials, of the place where her dresses were fitted to her perfectly by photograph, sent home the same day, never needing an alteration.

What a thoroughly good world of good women this would be if this vision of Maria's was accepted and run into the Catechism and other theological works!

There are plenty of people who give way to doubt and skepticism because they can't bear to think of the single-barrelled night-gown business that from pictorial and poetical usage has become belief.

There's not a woman in all broad New York who would go down Broadway barefoot, with strings between her toes, a book-muslin nightgown on her back, and a crown on her head.

To think of that costume to be worn for all ensuing ages is something to make proselytes for Ingersoll by the thousand.

It's too hot to do anything but moralize. It's exceedingly cool in me to do so. For that reason, during the dog days, I intend to indulge the practice.

Why, Maria was better off in her dreams! According to that, there were lots of theatres open. Only two in New York to-day. Sad for your Gusher. She likes Erminie very well and Humbug very much, but she can't go to see them six nights a week, though the boys Roland and Francis would alter their gags every night to amuse her. So I will go back to moralizing.

It's not what the world knows of you as much as what you know of yourself that makes you satisfied in this life.

I don't believe the old girl who runs in a gleaming set of piano keys when her teeth desert her, or claps on a store-front when her hair falls out, ever is at peace with her looking-glass again. She may be a very gay spectacle to the casual observer, but in the recesses of her heart she has a dreadful image of a bald and toothless creature, such as she knows herself to be when her dental attractions lie in a tumbler and her wig is pinned on a pin-cushion.

A travelling peddler tackled an old lady I know, the other day, and wanted to sell her some Cream of Something that would make her complexion look like that of a girl of sixteen.

"But I'd know I was sixty all the same," said the sensible old damsel. "I'd just as soon think of wearing a mask."

The beautiful actress, Helen Western, always wore her luxuriant black hair in a mass of curls over one temple and drawn up from off the other. It was a becoming style, and some one once remarked upon the picturesque effect it gave to her brunette loveliness.

"I think it's perfectly hideous," replied Helen. "It's a nightmare to me, because I wear it to hide a scar that is on my forehead. My hair receives lots of compliments, but I always think of the disfigurement beneath."

I have to laugh at different friends of mine who will have a spool of thread sent home from a shop, rather than carry a bundle, and yet I meet 'em staggering about with tin boxes, which they know, but other people don't, contains their artistic outfit, and that they are on the road to one of the countless art-schools with which New York abounds.

I encountered Miss Nippie Rinkum lately—a rich coal merchant's only daughter. Nippie would scorn to take home a pair of stockings in her own fair hands and a piece of paper, but on this occasion she was taking a canvas bag that looked somewhat like trout poles.

"Hello!" said I, "going fishing?"

She transfixed me with a stony stare.

"Why on earth should you ask such a question?"

"Catching on to the tackle," said I.

"This is not a fish-pole; it is my jointed easel. I'm going out to sketch from nature," returned she haughtily, and she picked up the canvas sack and the tin paint-box and went her weary way.

On the next block little Frilly Ayres met me with a smile and a big leather case like a fiddle-box that had collapsed its flues. I've heard Frilly order a yard of lace to be sent home, and I was greatly surprised to see her lug this clumsy leather wall't.

"I'm going to Yonkers to a lawn-tennis party, and I'm carrying a favorite kit," explained she, and on she went, quite satisfied in her own mind.

On the other hand, a truly good young man said to me in a car the other day, as he nursed a little box on his knees:

"I suppose you think it's queer of me carrying this thing home, when you know I'm a temperance man; but the doctor has ordered my mother a milk punch every night, and this is some rare old Jamaica."

"And you never need explain," said I. "I thought it was a pair of shoes or a box of socks. How should I know it was a bottle in a box?"

"Well, I felt as if every one knew I had that bottle of rum," murmured the poor sinner.

And so it goes. I honestly believe the pleasant defaulter who gets away with a rousing boodle and steers his bark upon the comfortable shores of Canada never enjoys one minute of his life or one dollar of his money. That which he knows he imagines every one else thinks.

The most miserable man I know is Peter B. Sweeney. He sailed away last week to his home of exile in Paris. He has plenty of money—more than he would ever have accumulated through honest toil. He has lived for years in that city of Paris to which most good Americans hope they may go when they die. He has had all he wanted on this earth but the consciousness of his integrity. Just that which he knows of himself he imagines to be the opinion of every one else, and it rankles in his bosom. If he were in great feather here he could settle down at peace in Paris; but he isn't—and he don't. He has a very poor opi-

nion of the famous Capital—almost as great a contempt as that youth who wrote home: "Paris is a great place, but as for me, give me Harlem."

Peter B. stopped away after the fall of the Tweed regime until a couple of years ago, when he sneaked home and spent a few weeks here. How they do hanker for the old stamping-ground! Then he went back, and presently over came Mrs. Peter B. Page Sweeney. She hung round awhile and revisited the scenes of her former glory. This Summer, of a sudden, there appeared in our midst a sinister-faced man, so swarthy as to look more like a Spaniard than an Irishman. This was our long-lost Peter. He felt the pulse of New York politics, and evidently dreamed of once more prescribing for the unhappy old girl who is always under some doctor's care. But he found allopathic, homoeopathic and hydropathic practitioners on the scene, and away he went last week—a wretched, disappointed man.

P. B. S. has a fine home in Paris; he has plenty of money; but he is as sure the world sees the bottle in the box as was my friend with the Jamaica rum on board the Elevated.

Well, well! "It's a mad world, my masters," and very few contrive to have such a rattling good time in it as your

GIDDY GUSHER.

## The Milk in the Coconut.

Mr. Frederic Archer's musical journal, the *Keynote*, is usually accurate, courteous and skilful, particularly in treating of the art to which its space is chiefly devoted; but these qualities are not always noticeable in its department relating to dramatic matters. Mr. Archer is a man of character and a musical critic of unquestioned ability; nevertheless he may not be aware of the uses to which his trical columns are sometimes put, else he would scrutinize them more carefully and exclude from them such misrepresentations, for instance, as appeared in the last number of the *Keynote* in connection with a discussion of Richard Mansfield and Prince Karl. In the course of this article, which throughout manifests palpable animus, it is falsely stated that Mr. Mansfield's friends guaranteed the rent of the Madison Square Theatre during his engagement there; that the star and Mr. Palmer's representative—Mr. Bonta—had had a falling out, and that the business of Prince Karl has greatly fallen off of late.

Now Mr. Mansfield does not rent—he plays at the Madison Square on shares; his relations with Mr. Bonta are and have been of the friendliest description, and the receipts of the piece have been large enough to pay expenses and clear for the star a weekly profit ranging from \$400 upward.

Alexander Comstock, Mr. Mansfield's business manager, relates the why and wherefore of the *Keynote*'s hostility. It may be news to the editor, Mr. Archer, as well as to others.

"Some time ago," said Mr. Comstock to our representative, "a Mr. Clarke, the writer of the mendacious article in the *Keynote*, called on me to make a business proposition. He said he would like to devote two pages of that paper to illustrations of Prince Karl, and strongly urged the advantages that would accrue in the way of advertisement. I offered to pay \$25 for the pictures and buy 300 copies of the number containing them. This he consented to. Later in the day I met Mr. Mansfield, who said he had just closed a desirable arrangement for pictures in the *Keynote* and agreed to pay \$50 for them. It seems Clarke had gone to him after fixing the thing with me, and, saying nothing whatever about our understanding, proposed the same plan and induced Mr. Mansfield to pay the larger sum. I told him of the underhanded proceeding, and he was indignant at the deceit. He said he would not have interfered with my department of the concern had he supposed Clarke, who urged expedition, had seen me. Upon that, with Mr. Mansfield's approval, I repudiated the *Keynote*'s proposition altogether, as I felt perfectly justified in doing, inasmuch as an attempt had been made to make us the victims of what I should call sharp practice. Hence Clarke's mendacious comments and statements in the last *Keynote*. I believe that honest journals discountenance this sort of thing, and therefore I think the reasons why Mr. Mansfield is attacked in the paper in question should be made public."

The *Keynote* is read by very few professionals, so its misrepresentations can do no special injury to Mr. Mansfield. Without questioning the *Keynote*'s ability to do him \$25 worth of good by two pages of Prince Karl illustrations or dwelling upon the impropriety of sending out its writers as advertisement solicitors, we draw Mr. Archer's attention to the abuse that his paper has heaped upon Mr. Mansfield because of a subordinate's failure to make a business arrangement with that gentlemen's manager, with the firm conviction that the editor of the *Keynote* will disclaim responsibility for the injustice and prevent its repetition in future.

## Lillian Lewis' Plans.

A reporter had a chat with P. S. Mattox, manager of Lillian Lewis, at Taylor's Managers' Exchange, yesterday, in regard to the plans of Miss Lewis for the coming season.

"I shall play Miss Lewis," said Mr. Mattox,

"only in the best houses, and shall cater mostly to the higher class of theatre-goers. I commenced my booking very early, and therefore have secured a choice of dates in the one-night stands. Miss Lewis plays through a section of the country where she is well known, with enough new towns sandwiched in to spread her reputation. I believe, if properly managed, she will, in a short time, be one of the most profitable stars in America. She has the advantage of youth and beauty, with great talent to back her."

"I shall give Miss Lewis as fine a company as I can get together, and will costume and mount the pieces unexceptionably. Through Miss Lewis' European agents she has secured Odette, and much improved the play by working up the climax in fine style. We will also produce during the season a society drama of a very romantic order, from the pen of Fannie Aymar Matthews. Our printing, while not of a great variety, will be new, original and elaborate. Both Miss Lewis and myself have great expectations of the season."

## Mr. Keene's Condition.

Reports have gone abroad that T. W. Keene's physical condition is such as not to warrant his return to the stage in the Fall. Other reports speak of him as being fully restored to health and as being ready and eager to open the season. A *MIRROR* reporter recently questioned Lee Townsend, Keene's advance agent, in regard to the tragedian's condition. Of course young Mr. Townsend takes a rosy view of the actor's health and prospects. From his statements one would think that Mr. Keene needed the services of a professional trainer to keep him from over-exercising himself.

"Mr. Keene," said Mr. Townsend, "occupies his time at Navesink Beach in all kinds of sports. He is never idle, and indulges freely in boat sailing, fishing, rowing, crabbing and other enjoyments. He takes a sea-bath every morning about 6 o'clock. His appetite is excellent. When he tires of sports he turns his attention to the coming season, in which he is wrapped up. He is in the best of health, for surely one must be to accomplish what he does. The recent reports of his failing health have come from a source I have been unable to fathom as yet, but I hope in time to be on the right track. Mr. Keene's season opens in Philadelphia on Oct. 4."

## Personal.

SPENCER.—It is rumored that Lillian Spencer will try another starring season, this time presenting *La Belle Russe*.

BAKE.—The Sub Rosa Club will partake of a clambake next Sunday at their Summer habitation near Rye Beach. Archie Stalker has the preparation of the succulent bivalves in charge.

CHAMBERS.—Emma Chambers, an English soubrette, who is at present meeting with success in Sydney, N. S. W., will leave Australia for this country shortly, arriving here in the Fall.

DE LORME.—Harry De Lorme has lately returned from a tour of England and Australia covering some years. He has been engaged for leading tenor roles with the Conried Opera company.

MCCAULL.—Colonel McCaull is expected back from England two weeks from next Saturday. Nothing will be done about the formation of the three Khedive companies until his arrival.

LAWRENCE.—Owing to ill-health, Edwin Lawrence has abandoned his proposed starring tour. Mr. Lawrence is suffering from a lung trouble, and medical advice has decided him to remain in New York. If his health improves he will continue his classes in elocution.

BARNARD.—Mrs. Mollie Barnard, a sterling actress who has occupied many good positions, will play Mother Shipton in *The Roman Rye* the coming season. During the past few weeks Mrs. Barnard has been playing leading heavies in a Summer stock season at Amsterdam, N. Y.

HOOPER.—A prominent country newspaper announces that the daughter of Mrs. L. H. Hooper, the well-known European correspondent, will shortly come to America to adopt the stage as a profession. During the past season she was the leading lady of a well known combination on this side, and passed her novitiate a year ago at least.

## Letters to the Editor.

MINNIE MADDEN'S MANAGER.

New York, July 17, 1886.

Editor New York Mirror:—I am in your last issue a notice stating Miss Madden had engaged another manager. Please allow me to ask you to contradict the error, as at present I believe I am still laboring in that capacity, and when our business becomes so difficult as to require two, I'll take great pleasure in notifying you. I suppose your reporter got the information from some unreliable source, yet, nevertheless, such things cause great trouble to a manager who is constantly making contracts. Yours respectfully,

ARTHUR E. MILLER.

MR. HOLMES RESIGNED.

DAYTON, O., July 18, 1886.

Editor New York Mirror:—The article in *The Mirror* in regard to Mr. Raymond Holmes should be corrected. It was this way: He had a misunderstanding with the committee. They did not see fit to come to his terms, and he resigned, left in a legitimate manner, went to Dayton with his wife and has been stopping at the Beckel House. As he has just become a Mason he wished to take his third degree, which he did last Tuesday, or he would have been in New York here. Please correct this error and oblige.

Yours truly,

I. CLINTON HALL,

Manager Home Dramatic Co.

ORTHOPE.

PRINCETON, Ill., July 13, 1886.

Editor New York Mirror:—The tone of Mr. Ayres' reply to the criticism reminds me of the familiar quotation, "I am Sir

Oracle, and when I open my mouth let no dog bark." It evinces rather a cheap spirit of controversy, and even the point and precision to which you refer in the criticism. Now to the point: I cannot rule for a and e in unaccented syllables, and not a final syllable; consequently the remarks concerning the latter were uncalled for. My people do not say "government, innocent, honest, innocent, honest," since each of these words has a, not e or o, in the final syllable. Neither do they say *o* or *e* in unaccented syllables. Unfortunately, we use an authority in our school, and Mr. Alfred Ayres, but Webster.

If "the difference in the sound" is an *ad hominem* not worthy of consideration, why does it appear on the list of mispronounced words in both articles, "Orthodoxy" by Mr. Ayres?

As to Lillian Lewis, he died and was buried long ago, and out in this wild West we have even heard of books. Perhaps Mr. Ayres writes with a Murray at his elbow; and this may account for some of his peculiar opinions. He may have a Chamberlain at the elbow, but surely unopened, or it would tell him that country should not be lost sight of even in the heat of a Fourth of July argument.

We have a few good scholars in Illinois, and some authorities in these matters that are universally known. The name of Mr. Alfred Ayres (not an *ad hominem*) is really unknown throughout the Northwest.

In closing, I call upon Mr. Ayres, in his future criticisms, to name authorities and quote from them. Without this, criticism resolves itself into a mere matter of opinion.

MARGARET HAYMAN.

## THE JUDGE AND THE MAJOR.

MANHATTAN, L. I., July 18, 1886.

Editor New York Mirror:—In Mr. Taylor's article "How Kib was Written," in the last number of *The Mirror*, there is a slight obscurity of statement, which, with your kind permission, I desire to illuminate.

The popularity and success of the play undoubtedly dates from February, 1870, when it was produced at the Boston Theatre with all the wealth of means effect possible, and with a cast which, altogether, lifted the play once into a pronounced "success." It was then written by Thomas De Walden and Edward Spencer as the authors.

Mr. T. states that he developed the plot of the play "Kib" but I believe I had something to do with that part of the play, at least.

Mr. J. B. Booth, then stage manager, came in with the part of Judge Suggs (some thirty or forty lines) with a request that I would supply it. I did it up, in short, do what I would to make it go, as the play needed more comedy. The same request was made of Harry Weaver (noted then as now for ready wit and pungent retort) regarding Major Esquimaux. We went to work with a will, and as a result invented some scenes and business, which were finally written into the play, and became part of the play.

Mr. Chamberlain (God rest him) never tired of complimenting me on my early performance of his play, and indeed seemed to relish them as much as did the audience. The place then never failed to draw money (vide Mr. T.'s statement of receipts), and the "Kib" term" from the orchestra, signifying the success of the play, was a common expression for some time.

It may seem a small matter this, to say about, but I think the actors of those two parts in that production were really the "success" of the play. Mr. T. gives a hint only—the *chamberlain*, I may say, was named on which were held the well-known parties with their concentration of voices, money, etc., etc.

Will you set this before the eyes of your kind readers, and accept the thanks of

Yours, etc.,

LOUIS ALLEN.

## A CROWD FROM SAINT JOHN.

St. John, N. B., July 17, 1886.

Editor New York Mirror:—

Sir—I was very much amused by the letter from your St. John correspondent which appeared in your last two issues. The first one, I must confess, amused me, as it did others in our city, and I was inclined to think that the writer was a little over-accustomed, and got on the basis, but the second letter explains the whole thing. I can see that you intended for mischief, but I am glad to see that you have amused your readers as they have in this benighted corner of the world. They are really very nice, and have this great advantage, that they will do for any other place just as well as St. John, and the cleverer still can catch the whole of the matter in a nutshell. Look at his daily dinner! I cannot but think how appropriate are these "dinner" stories in the *Keynote*! And his description of the *Keynote*—how charming it is! But, unfortunately, the *Keynote* is a musical journal, and he has committed the error of putting a letter too much and has shown his ignorance by putting what was weak and blundering what was good. The many another opinion, he is one who is not to be trusted to prove too much has been said. He has confirmed his criticism of the performance by the *Keynote* might have been enough as that of an adept, but when he attempts to discuss music he is sure to be entirely too long to be in to properly distinguish the good from the bad.

Signor Ronconi, the only one of the performers who may be styled a professional, is too well known to require defense, and those who heard the two Italian names the *Keynote* has mentioned, and who have seen him, can but smile at the efforts of the man who is so anxious to be witty is not afraid to be ill-mannered and untrue. These ladies are natives of St. John and are "Kib" people," and our reviewer of all kinds of things has the meaning of the term. They are back, under the youth which probably the critic wrote. He should reflect that amateurs are not to be judged by artistic professional rules, and further that we of St. John, although not metropolitan, are not altogether ignorant of the meaning of the term. They are back, under the youth which probably the critic wrote. He should reflect that amateurs are not to be judged by artistic professional rules, and further that we of St. John, although not metropolitan, are not altogether ignorant of the meaning of the term. 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## The Usher.



In Ushering  
Hear him who can! The ladies call him, sweet.  
—Love's Labor's Lost.

The experiment of reviving Jack Sheppard on the Bowery is a pronounced success. The "boys" of that locality poured into the Windsor gallery on Monday night until there wasn't an inch of space left unoccupied. It must have warmed the hearts of the old-timers in front, the people who used to patronize the place across the street that is now given over to our Teutonic citizens, to hear the boisterous enthusiasm that greeted dear old Mrs. W. G. Jones and the other of her associates in the present cast who years ago delighted the frequenters of the favorite Bowery play house. And truly these veterans bestirred themselves, and, reckless of the thermometrical altitude, devoted their energies to showing the degenerate play-goers of to-day what old-fashioned melodramatic acting really was like.

And upon my word it was refreshing to witness the activity and earnestness of those blessed old fossils! The intensity of Mrs. Sheppard's maniac scene could not be surpassed, while the howling fun proceeding from Blueskin's protuberant proboscis, and the exasperating accents of his catch-phrase, "All right, me cov-e-y!" were—to the impersonator—utterly irresistible. Jonathan Wild was a mammoth pillar of villainy, and Kneebone might, forsooth, have been a voice and figure returned from the unknown bourne, so antique was he in look, action and utterance. For real, unadulterated "bounce" of the palm-day soubrette order, commend me to the buxom Rachel. What with the leather-lung attributes of the vets and the queer old tie-wigs, full-bottomed coats, horse-pistols, blunderbusses, and the frequent closing in of thrilling tableaux by the orthodox flats in one, the mature spectator might easily have imagined himself sitting as of yore with bated breath in the Old Bowery pit.

Racy as the show was of other days, I think it merely interested those present as would any other curiosity. The boys were curious to see the play and some of the players that used to enthuse their daddies, while the critics treated it as if it were a museum freak, and a large contingent of actors from the Rialto received the performance with the broadest of grins. Truly, the Bowery plitites must have been easily moved to approval. Jack Sheppard as a dramatic composition isn't much more improbable, inartistic or absurd than most of the latter-day British melodramas, but the style of acting it revives offers little food for study, and none for sincere approbation. Bad as many of our young actors undoubtedly are, they can learn nothing, except it be earnestness, from these old-time melodramatic performers. Artificiality is the latter's besetting sin. In the whole five acts of Jack Sheppard there was not one heart-throb, one gleam of spontaneity, one touch of nature. The mouldering methods brought to light were compounded of noise, preachiness, strides, gasps, pump-handle gestures and a determination to improve every available opportunity for developing staginess and theatric bluster. Actors nowadays may be in many respects far from what we should wish, but surely they are incomparably superior to the galvanized mummies that used to pump and parrot around for the edification of our elders.

The financial success of the revival may pave the way to an arrangement which will confer an actual boon on Bowery theatre-goers. Frank Murtha tells me that it leads him to believe a stock company at the Windsor would prove a profitable investment. He thinks there is a field in that neighborhood for a house conducted on the lines of the East End theatres of London. He is certain that a well balanced melodramatic company, with a handsome and picturesque stock star for leading man, playing native and foreign domestic pieces and occasionally reviving such ripe productions as *The Cataract of the Ganges*, *Herne the Hunter* and *The Ragpicker of Paris* on a complete scale, would draw better than the average combinations. But should Manager Murtha conclude to take this step nothing would be done until a year from the coming Autumn.

Word reaches me that on the last outward-

bound trip of the *Wyoming* Independence Day was celebrated in glorious fashion, thanks to the professional passengers. Henry Aveling was chosen chairman, and he spread himself in honor of his adopted country. The Stars and Stripes were hoisted, a salute was fired, and the captain of the vessel was presented with a picture of the Battle of Gettysburg. Then followed patriotic recitations by Aveling and Mittens Willett. In view of this American effervescence aboard an English vessel, it is not at all strange that the recalcitrant *Wyoming* had an accident to her machinery which delayed her a couple of days in mid ocean.

I have noticed that my English contemporaries religiously give credit for everything they may find occasion to quote from other journals—a custom that might with propriety be imitated on this side of the water. THE MIRROR is made up of original matter, which is prepared carefully and liberally paid for. Whenever articles from other papers are reprinted, it is because they possess a special interest, and in every case the source is given. But THE MIRROR is singularly isolated in this respect. As the profession is fully aware, our columns are systematically pilfered from by newspapers great and small all over the land, and the material thus appropriated is, save in exceptional instances, dishonestly offered without credit. But, as I remarked at the beginning of this paragraph, my English brethren are notably conscientious in this regard. Examples are furnished constantly by the *London Stage*, the *Dramatic Review*, the *Referee*, and occasionally that unspeakably dull but eminently respectable and reliable old sheet, the *Era*.

The attention that THE MIRROR has latterly accorded to the subjects of elocution and orthoepy, and the valuable articles its writers have contributed, with the view of rousing actors out of the lethargy they have fallen into respecting this vital department of stage art, have stirred up discussion and given signs of producing beneficial results. The *London Stage* quotes at length an article entitled "Utterance," which appeared in our issue of June 26. By way of preface the *Stage* remarks: "The New York dramatic press has lately been somewhat exercised on this subject, as an extract from its leading organ will tend to show." It would be almost axiomatic to say that much of that which passes on the stage in the name of elocution is capable of wide amendment. The technique of enunciation is sometimes outraged to ensure too great a fidelity to the sense, and, on the other hand, we discover a delivery perfectly trained so far as the voice admits of mechanical training, and yet even more unpleasant to the ear, simply because, though bell-like in the clearness of its tones, no touch of feeling enters into its composition. But, whatever may be our own failings in this direction, the American stage is in a sadder plight, as we have had recent opportunities to learn.

While speaking of the subject of elocution, I wish to call my readers' notice to a capital little book by Alfred Ayres, a writer with whose productions they have frequently made acquaintance through his contributions to these columns. It is called "The Essentials of Elocution," and it is precisely what its title represents. Not the least of its merits is its brevity and conciseness—it is the shortest treatise on the art of reading in the English language. In forty-three small pages Mr. Ayres gives the gist of almost everything that can be said or written on the subject. True, there are many who will differ from the author in some of his views (there is no ironclad exactitude in art of any kind), but, in the main, what he says, as well as the pithy style in which he says it, cannot fail to evoke approbation and furnish the appreciative examiner with food for serious thought.

Evidently somebody meditated a joke when the rumor was started that Al. Thayer, the well-known dramatic editor of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, had joined forces with John Havlin for the purpose of managing the Vine Street Opera House in that city. Mr. Thayer writes that there isn't a grain of truth in the statement, and asks me to contradict it. Let the contradiction be solemnly recorded.

A story is told at the expense of Atkins Lawrence. He called on Lillian Olcott the other day in quest of an engagement in her Theodora company. Toward the close of the interview the actor was made speechless by Miss Olcott, who ingenuously inquired: "Now, Mr. Lawrence, where are your press notices?"

"Pop" Cannon, Tony Hart's dear old dad, has a mind as guileless and a brow as rich as any son of the old sod that ever cast his fortunes in this land of the free. He paid New York one of his periodical visits not long ago, and Tony's friends showed him around. One evening, just as the shops were pouring their employes into the streets, "Pop" and a companion entered a Third avenue car bound up town. As the vehicle lumbered along it began filling up, until finally the passengers were packed about in the usual sardine fashion. The old gentleman looked with mingled pity and disgust at the perspiring mass huddled on the seats and banging by the handwraps. Then he

exclaimed in a loud voice that startled the conductor on the back platform:

"For God's sake, have none o' yer anny homes?"

The following gratifying lines are from a letter written by a gentleman of Baltimore: "Two years ago I wanted to get regularly a good dramatic paper. Not knowing anything about the respective merits of the dramatic papers published in New York, I wrote to the *Nation* to learn which of them they considered the best. They replied that THE MIRROR was much the best. Since then I have been a constant reader of THE MIRROR and I find the *Nation's* recommendation justified." The *Nation* will please accept my compliments, together with my thanks, for bringing to appreciate a reader within THE MIRROR circle. I value the *Nation's* estimate the more from the fact that that journal is the ablest as well as the most influential and high-toned literary weekly in the United States.

A midsummer mathematical problem: Take 4 from 13, add a Theatre Comique benefit, and what do you get for 10 cents?

The ices that are handed around between the acts at the Madison Square form a delightfully seasonable innovation. In foreign places of amusement this species of cool refreshment is served in the boxes, but the people have to pay for it. Mr. Mansfield's fair patrons are charged nothing. The ices are made by Maillard and packed in small paper boxes, tied with satin ribbons. A silvered spoon, labelled "With Prince Karl's compliments," accompanies each, and forms a neat souvenir. The dainty refreshment is keenly relished. Box, cream and trimmings cost only fifteen cents apiece in quantity.

Edwin Booth was once under Ben Baker's management—indeed, who of the older actors hasn't been at one time or another? Uncle Ben hasn't a better friend in the world than Booth. For some time he has been trying to persuade the tragedian to favor the Actors' Fund with a portrait of himself and another of his father. Tuesday last a parcel came to Uncle Ben from Boston. The contents were the promised portraits and this letter:

DEAR BEN:—I have searched the house through and through and these two pictures are all I could find. Do the best you can with them. Have them neatly framed and I will send the duca. Yours basilly, NED.

The portrait of Junius Booth represents him as he appeared in Richard Third, costumed to the modern eye somewhat grotesquely. The picture of Edwin is a fine steel engraving. It shows his handsome face in profile, and was probably made from a photograph taken about a dozen years ago.

THE MIRROR's readers will be the first to hear a piece of news that will occasion widespread regret. I learn, on what is unquestionably reliable authority, that next season will end Edwin Booth's active connection with the stage. He has been led to this decision through a variety of reasons, among which not the least important are irregular health, the desire for domestic retirement, and the knowledge that he has achieved the richest rewards that the stage has to offer. He is in the prime of life—but just turned fifty—yet at a time when some of the most renowned players have only begun to put forth their best endeavors, the greatest actor of our time is content—nay, prefers—to resign his pre-eminent station, with all the honors and emoluments that go with it, in favor of privacy. This immeasurable loss to the stage at no far distant day would be less portentous were there among the young tragedians any who might be relied on to some day take the vacant place and assume the leadership.

Booth's last season in the profession of which he has so long been the most conspicuous figure, is to be marked by another of those acts of boundless yet unassuming generosity which have characterized his career as no other man's that I know of has been characterized. It seems that Lawrence Barrett has sacrificed a large sum of money during the past few seasons by his efforts to let new blood into the legitimate drama and popularize certain new and certain disused pieces. In order to help his unfortunate friend to recoup his losses, Booth nobly consented to play a long season under Barrett's management, thereby assuring that actor large profits and helping him, moreover by the connection, to better terms for his own engagements. This is a more rational and accurate answer to a matter that has occasioned a vast amount of inquiry and speculation than any that has been furnished.

It is premature to review Booth's brilliant artistic career—time enough for that when it shall have actually closed and he has bidden farewell to the public whose idol and ideal he is. Both as actor and man his personality is irresistibly fascinating. His genius and his gentleness will never be forgotten.

The performance of Tennyson's Becket in the open air at Wimbledon on Tuesday, before an aristocratic assemblage that included the Prince and Princess of Wales, is reported by cable. Besides Lady Archibald Campbell, the distinguished amateur who has several

times been identified with this *al fresco* style of representation, the cast included Genevieve Ward and Mr. Macklin, an actor who was a member of Mary Anderson's company last season. The stage was a stretch of turf carpeted with ferns. The wings and background were formed by trees and the entrances were wooded dellies, through which the Queen and her subjects came and went. There is no reason to believe that a performance given amid such surroundings can be either dramatically effective or artistically satisfactory. The pastoral id is merely an outcropping of the fashionable disposition to be exclusive and peculiar—it can have no other origin. Probably we shall soon hear of a Newport imitation of the sylvan scheme. It has the advantage of being thoroughly English, you know, which should be an all-sufficient reason for its finding favor in what by courtesy I will term the minds of our wealthy Angliomanical apes.

The *Herald*, by the way, is evidently determined to wrest the palm for scandalmongering from the *Sun*. Mr. Dana's paper, it will be remembered, distinguished itself some time ago by reprinting *in extenso* the filthy revelations that landed Stead, the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in jail. At the time no other New York journal cared or dared to sully its pages with the disgusting matter. Now the *Herald* is pandering to depraved readers by spreading itself on cable reports of the unsavory Crawford-Dilke case. Mr. Dana's journal was driven out of many respectable firesides by the *Pall Mall* indecencies, and I have no doubt it was one of the causes for the marked decrease in the *Sun's* circulation. Mr. Bennett may find that the Crawford Dilke does will produce a like result.

An appetite for scandal no doubt exists among certain classes, but they are not the people who give character or prosperity to a newspaper. Entirely aside from the questions of morality and propriety that are involved, a wholesome course commends itself to clear-sighted editors and publishers on grounds of practical business policy. It is noteworthy, in this connection, that the *Star*—a paper which Gov. Dorsheimer is conducting on a rare plane of literary excellence—has gained as rapidly in circulation as its scannag contemporaries have decreased. The Sunday issue of the *Star* is by far the best that is gotten out in New York. Its success furnishes a powerful refutation of the opinion, often expressed in journalistic circles, that a daily cannot prosper without catering to low appetites and vulgar tastes.

Conflicting rumors are afloat concerning Tom Keene's condition and the probabilities of his being able to endure the strain of the long season he has mapped out. Several of his friends say that he has not recovered his nimbleness of tongue and hazard the belief that his projects will gang agley. His manager and agent, however, protest that Keene is as strong and capable of hard work as ever.

McCaull has obtained Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera for all the territory in the United States except New York and New England, for which John Stetson holds the rights. McCaull will form three companies and send them out to cover three slices of his district. It is now definitely announced that The Khedive is the title selected by the authors for this work. THE MIRROR was the first to make known the fact some weeks ago, since when a number of squib makers have busied themselves denying it in the most positive manner.

Why the slime-slinging paragraphists select Mrs. James Brown Potter as an object for their persistent and unwelcome attentions I am at a loss to understand. Her goings and comings and her personal affairs are chronicled and discussed with unwarrantable freedom. Mrs. Potter is not a public personage simply because she has occasionally given her services in amateur dramatic performances to aid charitable objects. I have met her several times and found her to be a modest and retiring, as well as a gifted and beautiful, woman. She shrinks from publicity, she certainly does not court it, and I know that the shameful stuff that appeared in print last Spring regarding "Ostler Joe" and Washington society caused her intense annoyance. During her absence in England this Summer Mrs. Potter continues to be the subject of the most despicable species of vulgar gossip and wretched titillation. It is uncomfortable to think that an estimable lady cannot escape the gross fabrications and humiliating exposures of the dirty brood of scurrilous scamps that disgrace the name of American journalism.

I had a conversation with one of the new Excise Commissioners the other day on the subject of the law relating to concert halls, theatrical licenses and the liquor question. "As it stands now," said he, "the law is contrary to the spirit and requirements of a large and eminently respectable class of citizens. It is absurd to prohibit the sale of liquors in well-conducted concert halls by forcing them to take out theatrical licenses. Why should people be permitted to drink what they choose over a bar and not allowed to enjoy a quiet glass of beer rationally while sitting at a table and listening to good music or an olio enter-

tainment? There is more reason for allowing saloons than the latter places of amusement. It is only a question of time before we shall have better legislation introduced. Municipal and public officials, am compelled to administer what I do not approve, to the depreciation of a community which is decidedly opposed to it. There is something quite Gilbertian in this condition of affairs, isn't there?"

## The Actors' Fund.

Applications for relief were rather numerous last week—ten in all. Only one was rejected. One case was sent to St. Vincent's Hospital; two others were recommended to the same institution, but refused to go. Six applications will be considered to-morrow (Thursday). One of these is for the removal of the body of Maudie Stewart from its present resting place to the Actors' Fund plot. This is the Miss Stewart who died a year ago last May. The applicant will pay the expenses of the re-interment.

There was paid out in relief last week, \$120.

A Miss Byron, a member of the Evangelical chorus in Chicago, died in that city on Tuesday. The body is on its way East and will be buried by the Fund.

New members and annual dues paid to the De Le Claire, Kathleen Roland, Joseph Kruger, W. W. Allen, C. De Bowles, Marie Berler, John H. Anderson, Charles Thompson, Fanny Rice, Alice Fairbrother, Edward Rue, Joseph P. Whinn, Horace Flynn, Peter Sage, J. Clinton Hall, Helen Ten Broeck, Sydney Cowell, Wallace H. Fitch, Mrs. Wallace H. Fitch, Edgar Schlen, Helen Rand and Alice Mansfield.

## Joseph Haworth's Change of Name.

"I have just closed arrangements with Joseph Haworth for Hoodman Hill, which goes out under the management of T. Henry French and myself," said Frank W. Sawyer to a Mirror reporter the other day. "and that gentleman will be featured as Jack Yacker. Mr. Haworth was under engagement with Messrs. Miles and Barton to star, but the contract has been cancelled by mutual consent. We look upon Mr. Haworth as being the best leading man in America to-day to create Wilson Barrett's original role of the sturdy husband."

"The piece is to have all the scenery and mechanical effects used in its production at Wallack's Theatre. The principal members of the company will be Mr. Haworth, Augustus Cooker, Sydney Howard, M. B. Snyder, George S. Fleming, George Conway, Conway Carpenter, Norman Campbell, W. J. Leonard, Louis Johnson, C. Shaffer, Sydney Armstrong, Mrs. Carrie Elberts and daughter, Mrs. M. B. Snyder, Mrs. Ollie Stoddard and daughter, and others. George J. Appleton has been engaged as business manager, while A. Reid has been secured as advance agent. Two car-loads of scenery will be carried. A season of thirty-five weeks has been booked. It will open at the Grand Opera House in this city on Sept. 27."

A MIRROR representative met Fanny Gillette, who several months ago signed for leading business with Mr. Haworth. Although but three years upon the stage, Miss Gillette is well advanced in her art, and has appeared in support of some of our leading players, including Mrs. Modjeska and the late John McCullough.

"Of course," said Miss Gillette, "I feel keenly disappointed at the outcome. I had built great hopes on the engagement advancing me professionally. Through signing on early I was compelled to reject several advantageous offers that came later. I have just had a talk with Messrs. Miles and Barton. Of course, they are very sorry. They have promised to try and make up for their default by getting me a place in some other company. The gentlemen spoke of the great number of new stars that are going to try their fortunes the coming season, and the not very bright outlook for all of them. I am just a little consoled by the reflection that it may have all turned out for the best."

## The Production of Jim the Penman.

Chicago, thanks to Manager A. M. Palmer's presence there, is having almost a monopoly of important productions this Summer. Two dramas—*Love's Martyr* and *Jim the Penman*—have made the engagement of the Madison Square company notable. Both will be seen at the home theatre next season. The following special to THE MIRROR gives some account of the production of the latter work on Monday night:

CHICAGO, July 20, 1886.

A. M. Palmer produced Sir Charles Young's play, *Jim the Penman* at McVicker's last night. In spite of the storm, a very large and brilliant audience was in attendance. The play made an instantaneous hit. Without doubt it is the cleverest work that has emanated of late years from an English writer, and the opinion is expressed that it is worthy of *Victor Sardou*. The acting throughout was good. Messrs. Kelley, Lamoyne, Robinson, Hall and Ramsey were especially well fitted, while Caroline Hill in the leading role, and Maud Harrison in a charming ingenu part, won very great favor. The newspapers this morning, without an exception, praise the play in no stinted terms. The Madison Square Theatre has a wonderful and great success before it, or Chicago has made a wonderful and great mistake.

A despatch received by THE MIRROR yesterday from the same source states that the box office receipts of *Jim the Penman* jumped over \$300 on the second representation, and further asserts that it is without doubt the best play ever produced by A. M. Palmer during his career.



## PROVINCIAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

the number, and everything done to make it a first-class theatre.

## TARRYTOWN.

Maude Hall (W. J. Williams, manager): The concert given by the Young People's Club of New York was well attended. The star of the evening was George Bauer, who appeared, Master Frank Van Haren brought down the house with his songs "English, You Know," and "Maudie Maud." There was an audience of about 100.

## AMSTERDAM.

Putter Opera House (Colonel Edging, manager): Ethel Tucker and her excellent co., who have been summering here, will open their fall engagement of five weeks at Amsterdam, Pa., August 10. The star of the evening was George Bauer, who appeared, Master Frank Van Haren brought down the house with his songs "English, You Know," and "Maudie Maud." There was an audience of about 100.

## OHIO.

The Home Co., produced Engaged 15th, and it was without a doubt one of the best pieces brought out this season. In fact it moved such a decided hit and met with such flattering approval that J. Clifton Hall contemplated repeating it. After one postponement, the play was given, and it was a success. The Home Co. is a very good one, and it is a pity that the audience was not as large as it would have been with more agreeable outdoor surroundings. Nevertheless the theatre was well filled, and it recalls as any criticism, the audience was a most appreciative one.

## DAYTON.

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A letter from Manager Larry H. Reist, now in New York City, to Treasurer Wood Patton, says: "Bookings better than any previous season. Could fill five years in one, but do not intend to crowd. Have arranged dates so as to prove profitable to both."

Little Lilly Ward, of the Home Co., is just one dozen years old to-day. She is a very good one, and it is a pity that the audience was not as large as it would have been with more agreeable outdoor surroundings. Nevertheless the theatre was well filled, and it recalls as any criticism, the audience was a most appreciative one.

I have just learned that L. J. Levenson, an old Dayton boy, and professionally known as Louis J. Levenson, was married to Grace Wright, of Dayton's M. J. Levenson Co. Mr. Levenson is one of the leading barkeepers in the country, and has hosts of friends, who wish him the best of success.

Mrs. Middleton sang Lotta's lullaby song in Roseville, and was the recipient of a well-merited encore. When Mrs. Middleton sang Lotta's lullaby song in Roseville, and was the recipient of a well-merited encore. When Mrs. Middleton sang Lotta's lullaby song in Roseville, and was the recipient of a well-merited encore.

The Home Co. Ball Club came down last week and crowded back with a local nine, and was defeated by a score of 15 to 10. The Home Co. is a very good one, and it is a pity that the audience was not as large as it would have been with more agreeable outdoor surroundings. Nevertheless the theatre was well filled, and it recalls as any criticism, the audience was a most appreciative one.

Monday—My attention has just been called to the following paragraph in "Professional Doings" in the last issue of The Mirror: "Raymond Holmes, of the Home Co., jumped his contract and left for parts unknown."

This is a fabrication, and is justice to Mr. Holmes, who, during the past few seasons at the Home, has always been recognized as a most honorable man. I am only too pleased to state that he did not "jump his contract," or "leave for parts unknown," but, on the contrary, withdrew from the co. for reasons stated in the first part of this letter. He was here for ten days after his resignation, during which he "rode the coast" and was invested with the third degree in Masonry at the Royal Temple in this city.

Whitely Opera House (S. S. Levy, manager): The Amateur Minstrels, from Toledo, played to good house last night of 15th. Co. is composed of members of the Toledo Cadets, and for amateurs are very good.

Findlay: Evidently the cup of happiness of the average Findlayite was yesterday (15th) in imminent danger of slipping away. What with the presence in our midst of Messrs. Sells Brothers' "Big United Show" and a large excursion from Hamilton via the famous B. and O. Railway, everything was lovely and the goose hung high. We survive, however, and the memory of the magnificence and grandeur of the great Sells' show will long linger as a pleasant dream. Your representative is under many obligations to W. Fred Aymer, the genial press agent of the "Big U. S. Circus," for courtesies so pleasantly extended. Messrs. Sells Brothers verily have a bonanza in the above institution, of which they may well be proud.

The seasons may come and go, but the courtly and dandy chivalier, Uncle Tom, still takes the bakery in this vicinity—that is, judging from the large house which greeted Messrs. Phillips and Griswold's mammoth double-jointed Uncle Tom snap 15th.

## OREGON.

New Market Theatre (J. B. Howe, manager): M. B. Curtis did a large business week of 15th, playing Sam of Pecos and Spot Cash. His co. is an excellent one and well adapted to the comedy. Rentfro's co. of 15th, week.

Casino: The co. went to the Sound after which they dined. Business has been poor, simply on account of the inferiority of the co. Jeannie Winston, Phil Brown and W. K. Murray form the nucleus of the Fall season co.

## PENNSYLVANIA.

Open House (Henry A. Foster, manager): Prof. Gagner, mesmerist and magician, showed to small houses 15th, 16th, 17th.

## RHODE ISLAND.

Providence: The Opera House (W. E. White, manager): The Boston Heavy comb. still retains its popularity here.

and will produce this week a new play entitled A Case for the Sinner. The piece has been entirely rewritten and completely revised and is a decided hit in our city. The past two weeks the production of The Midnight Marriage has proved a big card, the Garden being packed nightly.

Item: Annie Fiske will produce A. C. Gaster's new comedy, The Deacon's Daughter, here at Lou's, August 10.

## TEXAS.

Huntsville: A Chapter of Friends: Clara Brothers' show billed for 15th came but pitched tents outside the city limits. No parade, and very few went out to see them, and the show made up of a tough-looking crowd. People like a lot of sections hands from a railroad. People say that if another such outfit comes to this city they will run them out of the county.

Item: V. H. Harty, who has been ill here for some time, is slowly improving.

## UTAH.

Salt Lake City: The Home Dramatic Club of this city presented The Governor to good audiences on Monday afternoon and evening 15th, afternoon and evening of Saturday 16th, and Sunday 17th. The piece was a success, and the audience was a most appreciative one.

Item: A great deal of talk about a new opera house has been heard for quite a while, in fact we will have an opera house, as the money has been raised, but the chances are slim for its completion in time for the coming season.

## VIRGINIA.

Danville: Masonic Hall (M. J. V. Harty, manager): The coming season the Hall will be known as the Opera House, and be under the management of Messrs. Mosley and Harty. Quite a number of strong attractions have been booked.

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## WEST VIRGINIA.

Parkersburg: Academy of Music (H. B. Clarke, manager): Last week's engagement by the Melville Sisters, beginning the 15th, with a repertoire of Hazel Kirke, Galley Slave, Danites, Fate, Queen's Evidence, East Lynne and Divorce, to crowded houses. Standing room was at a premium. The co. is a very good one, and it is a pity that the audience was not as large as it would have been with more agreeable outdoor surroundings. Nevertheless the theatre was well filled, and it recalls as any criticism, the audience was a most appreciative one.

Frank Campbell, late of the Leland Opera Co. (by the way, a brother of Treasurer George J. Campbell, of the Academy), is home on his summer vacation.

While in Cincinnati lately we met several old friends of the "profess," in the persons of Corrie Hinson, Will Ingram, C. W. Vance and Mr. McKitterick.

## WISCONSIN.

Waushara: Amusement Hall (F. Randall, manager): Abbie Carrington 15th, assisted by Back's Orchestra, to large and appreciative audience. Miss Carrington, a justly styled "Wisconsin's Pride," sang selections from the most difficult Italian operas in the most perfect manner and completely captivated the visitors at this famous resort.

## CANADA.

Toronto: The visit of the Knights of Pythias during the past week brought to 2500 strangers into the city. As a consequence, the Grand Opera House and the Pavilion Music Hall were open all week.

At the former Frederick Ward appeared in Damon and Pythias, to large and appreciative audience. The star was ably supported by Helen Leigh and a good co.

At the Pavilion, The Mikado was given to immense crowds. The co. was not nearly so effective as the one which produced the opera at the Grand last season. J. W. Forepaugh's tour of the Maritime Provinces promises to be most successful.

Halifax: Academy of Music (H. B. Clarke, manager): Called Back was given for the first time here 15th by the Melville-Harrison co., and scored a success. Eleanor Moretti was always been appreciated here as one of the best emotional actresses in stock, and as Pauline in this piece she surpassed all her previous efforts. She has shown considerable improvement since her last visit. W. S. Harkins was strong and effective as Gilbert. The co. was well supported, and the performance was not indifferent, thus disappointing the audience, who, from the Black Crook lithographs posted about town, expected to see something more pleasing to their eyes.

The co. was to leave by 10th for Boston. Nick Roberts-Gardner Circus opened 15th to a crowded tent, and gave a most satisfactory performance. The show contained several new features, but every act is good, and the audience was a most appreciative one.

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Saturday last by Mark Quinson's drama, In His Power. The characters were thus distributed:

Mr. Quinson.....Myra Kemble  
Mrs. Quinson.....Miss West-Tanner  
Herbert Graham.....Herbert Fleming  
Dr. Cameron.....James Watson  
Mr. Walker.....Miss Clifford  
Johnston.....G. C. Bryant  
Lester Sims.....K. S. Thierberg

With only five characters (Mr. and Mrs. Walker and Johnston) are nothing but comic masquerades, the author contrives to work out a simple story with a power and intensity which leads the audience excited from the first to the fall of the curtain. Though there is nothing remarkably original either in the dialogue or the construction of the play, Mr. Quinson has arranged his situations and caught by a good story which makes the work devolves principally upon Miss Kemble and Messrs. Thierberg, Fleming and Watson, who acquit themselves in a highly creditable manner. On Saturday evening last Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Williamson were supposed to be the ever popular Strada, in which number houses can safely be predicted for this very popular pair.

At the Gaiety Theatre the genial Widow O'Brien holds her meetings at the Strand, and has added a new sensation in the shape of a human cannon-ball to a performance on the lines of that of the famous man-woman, Zazel, at the Westminster Aquarium in London. A young French girl is shot from a cannon on the stage and caught by a spring which hangs down from a trap in the roof. The performance is very neatly managed, and evidently "fetches" the large audiences who nightly assemble to witness it.

The Comic Opera season at the New Opera House finishes on Friday next when the popular tenor, Charlie Harding, takes a benefit, and a well-deserved one too. On Saturday evening a comedy season will be inaugurated at this house, with the performances of Rockett, which, though the management announced it as the latest London novelty, was played with immense success as far back as 1853 in England. The piece will be represented by Wybert Reeve and the Melbourne Bijou co., and will no doubt prove very acceptable, as it is a first-rate comedy.

The Academy of Music was packed on Saturday evening last to welcome back the Federal Minstrels, who, after a short absence in Brisbane, are once more amongst us. The Minstrels, who have been long in the city, are a very good one, and it is a pity that the audience was not as large as it would have been with more agreeable outdoor surroundings. Nevertheless the theatre was well filled, and it recalls as any criticism, the audience was a most appreciative one.

Item: A great deal of talk about a new opera house has been heard for quite a while, in fact we will have an opera house, as the money has been raised, but the chances are slim for its completion in time for the coming season.

Managers of travelling combinations will favor us by sending every week advance dates, and mailing the same in time to reach us on Monday.

Dramatic Companies: Arthur Renan's Co.: Norristown, Pa., August 25; Toronto, Sept. 6, week.  
Annie Pixley: Providence, August 30.  
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Annie Pixley: Providence, August 30.

Money, Money, Money: Money procured on diamonds, watches, jewelry and personal property of every description. JAMES P. MATTHEWS, 918 Broadway, between 20th and 21st streets. Established 1865—Com.

Madison Square Theatre: Mr. A. M. Palmer, Sole Manager. Every Evening at 8. Matinee Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.  
Mr. Richard Mansfield: A Mr. A. C. Gaster's new Romantic Farical Comedy in four acts, entitled PRINCE KARL.

Ermine: Presented under the direction of Mr. HARRY PAULTON. Musical director, Jessie Williams. New and beautiful costumes, scenery and appointments. Roof Garden Promenade Concert after the Opera.

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Fanny Rice: At Liberty House 1885-86. Address Franklin Falls, N. H.

Genevieve Lytton: Leading Lady. Address Franklin Falls, N. H.

Gus Hennessey: Hoy's Tin Soldier. Address Franklin Falls, N. H.

Henry Malcolm: Utility. Address 129 Oak Grove Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

J. N. Drew: Heavies and Character. At Liberty. Permanent address, 205 Fairmount Ave., Philadelphia.

J. W. Meigs: Musical Director. Permanent address, 403 Marshall Street, Philadelphia.

Lillian Thorpe: Invitation offers for season of 1885-86. Address Mazon.

Louis J. Monico: Baritone Boston's Mikado Company No. 1. At Liberty for Summer.

Marion Wallace: Late leading support to James O'Connor. At Liberty. Address 343 Soakett street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mme. Freida Zuh-Buch: Costumer and Dressmaker. New and old costume made over. Unsurpassed in cut and fit. Work performed at theatre or at home. 349 East 14th Street, New York.

May Wade and Little Lulu: Old Woman and Character. Little Lulu, Souther and parts. Disengaged. 305 E. 104th Street, New York.

Marie and Carlos St. Aubyn: Duchess and Stage Manager, Lilly Clay's Address Eden Company. At Liberty after May 5.

Marie Hilford: Address Mazon.

Miss Merce Charles: Leading or Character. Address Agents, or Carlville, Ill.

Mrs. Mollie Barnard: Heavy leads and characters. Mother Shipton in Woman's Rye. Address Mazon.

Miss Adeline Stanhope: Specialty engaged for Harry Miner's Zita co. Season 1885-86. Address Hotel Brentwood, 201 W. 14th St., New York.

Miss Adele Godoy: Souther, Inge and Boys in English. Late Royal Dramatic Co., Netherlands. Address Mazon.

Messrs. Howe & Hummel: Will rigidly prosecute any parties attempting to produce the drama, A MOTHER'S SIN, written by Walter de la Ruyda, during that gentlemen's absence in England.

Miss Adelaide Cherie: Address N. Y. Minnion.

Mrs. Jennie Fisher: Late with Dion Boucicault. Character, Distant and Singing Old Woman. Address 242 East 23d St.

Miss Stella Rees: Leading roles in the legitimate preferred. Address Mazon.

Miss Rosa Cooke: At Liberty June 5—Opera or Comedy. Permanent address 249 W. 15th Street, New York.

Miss Marie C. Blackburn: Leading Business. Address Mazon.

Miss Lucille Meredith: Late Prima Donna Templeton Opera Company. At Liberty. Address 39 West 25th St., New York.

Mr. John T. Malone: Address Mazon.

Mr. John J. Williams: Character and Comedy. Address Mazon.

Mr. Cornelius Mathews: Dramatic Author. Address Mazon.

Mr. Owen Ferree: Stage Manager and Character Actor. With Mile. Rhea season 1885-86.

Mr. James L. Carhart: First Old Men roles. Season 1885-86.

Mr. Nelson Wheatcroft: With Robert Mantell, season 1885-87. Address care of Simmonds & Brown.

Mr. James O'Mara: At Liberty. Address Scott Marble, 121 Clark st., Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Walter Owen: Address Mazon.

Mr. Frederic Darrell: Tenor and Juveniles. Address care Mazon.

Mr. G. D. Chaplin: Address 245 West 11th street, New York City.

Mr. Benj. Maginley: With May Blossom Company.

Mr. Chas. G. Craig: Address N. Y. Minnion.

Percy J. Cooper: Leading Tenor, Grand and Comic Opera. Disengaged for Summer. Address 124 Chandler St., Boston.

W. H. Whedon: Heavies. Season 1885-86 with Louise Pomeroy. At Liberty.

BRUCELINE

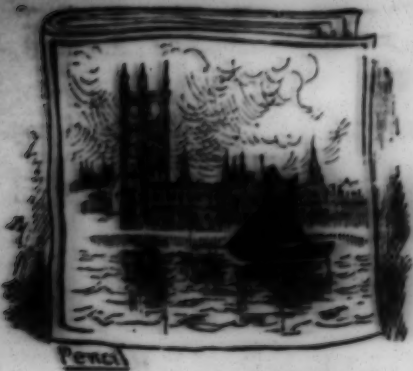
The only remedy on earth that restores Gray hair to its ORIGINAL COLOR in eighteen days. It is a dye. PRICE \$1.







## London News and Gossip.



LONDON, July 8.

If anyone had sufficient energy during the present tropical temperature to call the roll of play-actors, I believe few would be found to come up smiling or otherwise. Such terrible martyrdom have these more or less virtuous citizens endured at the large number of afternoon and evening shows that many critics must have melted away altogether during the execution of their duty. Fortunately for our bright and reflective Mirror, however, enough is left of "Gawain" to give you some account of the various shows which have dealt such devastation in our ranks. I may as well mention in passing that he (G) has had no need to take off his flesh and sit in his bones (as the late Rev. Sydney Smith advised). More than a grown person's dose of matinee has taken off his flesh for him, and he is, alas! but a shadow of his former self.

But to business. Seeing that most of your readers are native and to the Mirror born, perhaps I should first treat of the Daly crowd's new productions here. First, then, I have to chronicle how this merry family fared with "The Country Girl," which they put on at the Strand on Saturday afternoon after a trial trip at the Crystal Palace. Briefly then, the Dalys did not create a great impression this time. The one big success of the day was Ada Rehan's Peggy, which was one of the most humorous performances of the character ever seen in our day. The frolicsome Ada literally revelled in the fun of the part, and how beautiful she looked in her charming boy's dress, all of rich blue. Some papers here state that Ada was vulgar. I could not see it. Perhaps they thought the rustic hoyden should be played like a lady of quality. Virginia Dreher as Allie looked lovelier than ever, if that were possible, and played with animation; and the plump and pert May Irwin gave off loud peals of laughter that were very refreshing. Strange to say, John Drew (who, like Otis Skinner, had sacrificed his moustache in the cause) did not score to any extent. Charles Leclercq, who (also strange to say) had been allowed to keep his moustache on, was not in his element as Moody. But he showed power now and again. The great Mrs. Gilbert and the lively Lewis having no part in the comedy, had to content themselves with the trifling called "A Woman's Won't," in which, as of yore, they caused shouts of laughter.

Last night these comedians introduced us to Nancy and Co., in which they fetched New Yorkers awhile ago. I may at once say that it fetched Londoners, among whom there were, of course, a few "Ammurican" fashionables and brilliant, just to keep the audience from being too English, you know. Nancy is announced as from the German of Julius Rosen—also as "adapted and augmented by Augustin Daly." "Augmented" is good; nay, distinctly precious. Although, for all that, I think N. and Co. would go better in three acts, instead of four, if one could but see how the compression could be managed. We found its leading theme the same as that in A Night Off—somebody has secretly written a play. In this case Nancy is the culprit; in the other it was Professor J. Lewis Justinian Babbitt. However, the plot is of course familiar to you; so no more of that. Suffice it to say that both piece and players kept us all roaring with laughter from the rising of the curtain till the falling thereof. Nancy and Co., like the Criticism pieces, is a comedy of doors, but they are the best doors of their kind, and work well upon their hinges. The whole affair was a huge success, and we all signified our approval in the usual manner—only more so. An un-rehearsed incident occurred in Act III., where Kieff O'Kieff, the poet (otherwise John Drew), was packing his evening clothes. Someone upset a paraffine lamp into the portmanteau, which did not improve the clothes, you bet. Fortunately, the lamp was turned down, or it might have set something on fire.

No praise can be too high for the acting. The clever company were never in better form. As for Ada Rehan's Nancy, it was simply delicious. I am an adoror of Ada, but she never fascinated me to such an extent before. Alas the day! I have fallen a victim to Ada-eltry, if you will allow me to coin a word. Glorious Mrs. Gilbert has a part unworthy of her, but she played it like the artist that she is. Lewis as the "Griffing" made us scream with laughter, and Drew's drollery amused us. Mr. Gilbert, O. Skinner, Virginia Dreher, May Irwin—indeed, the whole strength of the company—played admirably. Daily announces his determination to leave us on the spot. We shall miss his crowd. However, after this we hope they will visit us every year.

One of your native essayists recently stated that the first quality in a dramatic aspirant should be beauty. This opinion would seem

to be shared by Archæologist Godwin, F. S. A., for he, on Saturday night, had the temerity to start a season at the Opera Comique (which I prefer to call the Theatre Royal Tunnels), and all to oblige two Society Beauties, Mrs. Mackintosh and her sister, Miss Janette Steer, to wit. Mrs. Mackintosh is a pleasant and comely matron, and Miss Steer is divinely tall, and somewhat divinely fair; but here their stage qualifications end. Perhaps they might have shown to rather better advantage if Godwin had let them appear in something less tragic and trying than Tom Taylor's adaptation of Hugo's *Le Roi S'Amuse*, otherwise *The Fool's Revenge*, which is tons too heavy for the present temperature and also for Godwin's raw amateur company. There are but two capable actors in the crowd—Hermann Vezin, who plays Bertuccio, and William Herbert (who was at Wallack's awhile), to whom the part of Manfredi is allotted. The ambitious archæologist has provided some gorgeous dresses and some medieval wax candles. On Saturday these last moved either by Vezin's paths or by the warm weather, wilted and wanted to wobble out of the candlesticks, which caused laughter in the wrong place. Even more mirth was caused by a dummy which did duty for the heroine in the great abduction scene. It looked more like a bundle of clothes going to the wash than a beautiful young woman being abducted.

The Dramatic Students, an association of very minor mummies, played *Love's Labor's Lost* at the St. James's on Friday afternoon, and like the peers in *Iolanthe*, did it very well. Biron, as played by a youth named Bernard Gould, was worthy of a well-graced actor. Hitherto Gould has only spoken a few lines in Wilson Barrett's company.

There was yet another matinee last Saturday, at the Criterion to wit, where two new pieces were produced in a temperature of 90 something at the shade. The only excuse which can be urged for these productions is that both of them were very little ones. W. G. Wills was responsible for one and A. C. Calmoun (W. G. W.'s idus Achates) for the other. Wills' work was called *The Little Pilgrim*, and was adapted from Ouida's "Two Little Wooden Shoes." As a rule this lady shrieks hysterically when anybody transfers one of her stories to the stage, though, sooth to say, the crime is often enough its own punishment. This time, however, the business was done "by permission." Whether Wills was hampered by the authorization thus graciously accorded, or whether the story is unsuited for dramatization, is not quite clear. Likely enough it is a case of honors divided, but anyhow the result did not do the adapter justice. Annie Hughes played the exceptionally innocent model flower-girl who tramps from Brussels to Paris with a bottle of wine and a bunch of grapes in order to nurse a young artist whom she has fallen in love with. Wills winds up with a wedding between these young people. It is to be hoped that they lived happily ever after; but I am by no means sanguine. Calmoun's piece was a one-act tragedy called *Love's Martyrdom*. Herein a lady whose husband has been out with Monmouth and got wounded, stabs him "to save him from a traitor's death." When she is through with the stabbing a pardon from King James turns up, and she stabs herself. Dorothy Dene played the wife and H. B. Conway the husband. Conway's wig fell off when he was a-dying—which gave him away some, and when the cue for suicide came Dorothy couldn't find her dagger, and had to stab herself with her fist; but otherwise all went well, and applause was general.

Yardley and Stephens, authors of *Little Jack Sheppard*, started a burlesque season at Toole's on Saturday night with their (and Reece's) *Herne the Hunted*, which was first done at a "swell" Gaiety matinee about five years ago. In their bill is also Yardley and Stephens' *Hand and Heart*, which I described to you on its first production a few weeks back. They have a fairly good company, and with care should succeed.

THE MIRROR of June 26, to hand this week, informs us of the rumors which are going round to the effect that your Mr. Barrett purposes presently to build in the Empire City a sumptuous theatre which shall be devoted solely to Shakespearean revivals and productions of the best class of plays. If the rumors are right, so much the better. Meanwhile our Mr. Barrett is doing his possibiles at once to cultivate a proper tone among our playgoers and to post the members of his company in the lines and business of one of the most picturesque items of their repertoire. As a means to this end the venue of the two (or more) hours' traffic on the Princess' stage was on Monday evening shifted from Athens to Byzantium. Not to put too fine a point upon it, Claudian has been revived, and with considerable success, despite the rigors of our climate. Miss Eastlake once more resumes the path of virtue as the representative of Almida—an agreeable change, doubtless, after her experience of the roses and raptures of vice in Clito. Mr. Barrett was also warmly welcomed, as he deserved to be. I rather like Claudian. Certainly it is a play to which no young lady need be afraid to take her mother. But why should Barrett go to the expense of reprinting (as an advertisement) in the daily papers some drivel about his Claudian being "wholly free from vice and affection." This bomb formed part of a so-called criticism in an illustrated weekly. What bothers me is why Barrett should take the trouble to reproduce it. Claudian is a

wholesome play and Barrett is a wholesome actor, and neither needs the advertising testimonial dodge to be played down to this depth upon them, anyway.

When Claudian is done with Barrett will revive *Hamlet* for a little while. On the 22d he will have two big performances for his farewell benefit. Barrett intended to make both of these miscellaneous shows. But H. R. H., the Heir-Apparent, has signified his intention to be present at the evening show, and has commanded *Hamlet*. So, as Barrett has no desire to be sent to the Tower (and thus prevented from paying his promised visit to your right little tight little continent), H. R. H.'s commands will be strictly obeyed.

Irving will revive *The Bells* and the old farce of *Raising the Wind* at a Lyceum matinee on the 24th for the benefit of the Actors' Benevolent Fund. In the first he will, of course, appear as Matthias, in the latter as Jeremy Diddler. Surely the force of contrast could no further go. Ellen Terry has promised to play Peggy in the farce. The fair Ellen has again been too unwell to appear as Margaret in Faust, and that part has again been successfully filled by Winifred Emory.

Lionel Brough (who comes to America with the Violet Cameron Opera company) had a big farewell benefit at Old Drury on Tuesday. Brough's popularity and the immense bill provided drew a tremendous house, in spite of the glass registering 90 in the shade. GAWAIN.

## Professional Doings.

—Charles G. Craig is on a visit to his parents in Canada.

—About thirty leading companies open season in August.

—Leonora Bradley does not go with Aimee, having been released.

—John T. Raymond closes season with the week of July 26 in Denver.

—Louise Muldener is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Louis James at Nahant, Mass.

—The *Era* announces that The Little Tycoon is shortly to be done in England.

—Julia Wilson is about to return to the variety stage after an absence of ten years.

—Mrs. Ada Crisp, widow of the late Harry Crisp, was recently married to Fred. Percy.

—Colonel McCaull has secured certain territorial rights in Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera.

—Richard Fitzgerald is booking a specialty company to be headed by Marinelli, the contortionist.

—E. F. Hindley has leased the Grand Opera House at Columbus, Tenn. Companies holding contracts with the former manager are requested to communicate with Mr. Hindley at once, as his predecessor refuses to give up his date-book.

—Gustavus Hall is singing in *The Mikado* in Newark this week. He makes an imposing Mikado, and his singing of the music of the part, which is easily within his reach, is characterized by clear enunciation and free delivery.

—The charge against Buffalo Bill and Nate Salsbury for giving a performance of the Wild West at Erastus, Staten Island, on Sunday last, has been dismissed. Sarony had been taking photographs of the show while "in motion," and this led to the charge.

—Edwin R. Lang has filled all the time of his Comedy Comings with the exception of seven weeks. Mr. Lang has secured a band of ten Indians of the Modoc tribe as an additional attraction. These red men comprise an "aboriginal orchestra." They appear in a street parade, making a most unique exhibition. Until the middle of August Mr. Lang, the star and manager, will be at his home in Erie, Pa. He then comes to New York to complete the preliminaries of his season.

—Samuel Colville owns the three plays, *Taken from Life*, *Pavements of Paris* and *The World*. Phosha McAllister has secured for next season *Taken from Life* and will star in it. Al. Hayman has the rights to *The Pavements of Paris* for California. All other rights are cancelled, and the play is in the market. It has an outfit that cost \$4,000. The printing is of the best. *The World* is also in the market. It is well equipped as to scenery and printing. Mr. Colville may be interviewed at the Fourteenth Street Theatre between the hours of 11 A. M. and 1 P. M.

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